THE LITTLE BROWN JUG AT KILDARE

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON.

CHAPTER VII—Continued.

"Now," said Griswold to the young man, "you are getting a pretty good item that no other paper will have. Please wire your story to Raleigh; Gov. Osborne is very anxious that the people up there shall understand fully his attitude in the Appleweight matter."

"I reckon this will wake up old Dangerfield all right," said the reporter, grinning. "He'll be paralyzed. May I use your name in this connection, sir?"

"Not at all. My engagement with Gov. Osborne is of the most confidential character and our purposes would be defeated by publicity. Remember, you get the exclusive use of this story—the return and immediate departure of the govenor, his statement to the people in the Appleweight case—all with the understanding that you use what you have to the best advantage."

"This is all right, is it, Miss Osborne?" asked the reporter.

"Maj. Griswold has full authority to act, and you need question nothing he tells you," Barbara replied.

"I suppose the governor didn't see the attorney general to-day?" asked the reporter detainingly, as Barbara rose. She exchanged a glance with Griswold.

"Father didn't see Mr. Bosworth at all, if that's what you mean!"

"Didn't see him? Well, Bosworth didn't exactly tell me he had seen him to-day, but I asked him about the Appleweight case an hour ago at his house and he said the governor wasn't going to do anything and that was the end of it so far as the administration is concerned."

"Print his story and see what happens; We have no comment to make on that, have we, Miss Osborne?"

"Nothing at all," replied Barbara scornfully.

"I'm at the Saluda House at present. See me to-morrow and I may have another story for you!" and Griswold shook the reporter warmly by the hand as they parted at the carriage door.

"Home," said Barbara for the reporter's benefit, and then, to Griswold: "I must speak of another matter. Drive with me a litle way until we can throw the reporter off."

She spoke quietly, but he saw that she was preoccupied with some new phase of the situation, and as the carriage gained headway she said earnestly:

"That young man told the truth—I am sure of it—about Mr. Bosworth. I knew he would do something to injure father if he could, but I did not know he had the courage to go so far."

"It's only politics, Miss Osborne," said Griswold lightly. "Besides, you may be sure the Intelligencer will print the governor's side of it in its largest type."

"No; it is not politics. It is more despicable, more contemptible, more ungenerous even than politics. But he shall be punished, humiliated for his conduct."

"You shall fix his punishment yourself!" laughed Griswold; "but the State's business first. We have a little more to do before I am satisfied with the day's work."

"Yes, of course. We must leave nothing undone that father would do were he here to act for himself."

"We must be even more careful in his absence to safeguard his honor than the case really requires. We not only have his public responsibility, but our own into the bargain in so far as we speak and act for him. And there's always the State—the Palmetto flag must be kept flying at the masthead." Their eyes met as they passed under an electric lamp and he saw how completely she was relying on his guidance.

They were now at the edge of town and she bade him stop the carriage.

"We must go to the Statehouse," said Griswold. "We must get that requisition, to guard against treason in the citadel. Assuming that Gov. Osborne really does not want to see Appleweight punished, we'd better hold the requisition anyhow. It's possible that your father had it ready—do pardon me!—for a grandstand play, or he may have wanted to bring Appleweight into the friendlier State; but that's all conjectural. We'd better keep out of the principal streets. That reporter has a sharp eye."

She gave the necessary directions and the driver turned back into Columbia. It was pleasant to find his accomplice in this conspiracy a girl of keen wit who did not debate matters or ask tiresome questions. The business ahead was serious enough, though he tried by manner, tone, and words to minimize its gravity. If the attorney general was serving a personal spite, on whatever the cause of his attitude, he might go far in taking advantage of the governor's absence. Griswold's relation to the case was equivocal enough, he fully realized; but the very fact of its being without precedent, and so beset with pitfalls for all concerned, was a spur to action. In the present instance a duly executed requisition for the apprehension of a criminal, which could not be replaced if lost, must be held at all hazards, and Griswold had determined to make sure of the governor's warrant before he slept.

"Have you the office keys?" he asked.

"Yes; I have been afraid to let go of them. There's a watchman in the building, but he knows me very well. There will not be the slightest trouble about getting in."

The watchman, an old Confederate veteran, sat smoking in the entrance and courteously bade them good evening.

"I want to get some papers from father's office, captain."

"Certainly, Miss Barbara." He preceded them, throwing on the lights, to the governor's door, which he opened with his own pass-key. "It's pretty lonesome here at night, Miss Barbara."

"I suppose nobody comes at night," remarked Griswold.

"Not usually, sir. But one or two students are at work in the library, and Mr. Bosworth is in his office."

The veteran walked away jingling his keys. Barbara was already in the private office bending over the governor's desk. She found the right key, drew out a drawer, then cried out softly. She knelt beside the desk, throwing the papers about in her eagerness, then turned to Griswold with a white face.

"The drawer has been opened since I was here this morning. The requisition and all the other papers in the case are gone."

Griswold examined the lock carefully and pointed to the roughened edges of the wood.

"A blade of the shears there, or perhaps the paper cutter—who knows? The matter is simple enough, so please do not trouble about it. Wait here a moment. I want to make some inquiries of the watchman."

He found the old fellow pacing the portico like a sentry. He pointed out the attorney general's office, threw on a few additional lights for Griswold's guidance, and resumed his patrol duty outside.

The attorney general's door was locked, but in response to Griswold's knock it was opened guardedly.

"I am very sorry to trouble you, Mr. Bosworth," began Griswold, quietly edging his way into the room, "but one never gets wholly away from business these days."

He closed the door himself, and peered into the inner rooms to be sure the attorney general was alone. Bosworth's face flushed angrily when he found that a stranger had thus entered his office with a cool air of proprietorship; then he stared blankly at Griswold for a moment before he recalled where he had seen him before.

"I don't receive visitors at night," he blurted, laying his hand on the door. "I'm engaged, and you'll have to come in office hours."

He shook the door as though to call Griswold's attention to it.

"Do you see this thing—it's the door!" he roared.

"I have seen it from both sides, Mr. Bosworth. I intend to stay on this side until I get ready to go."

"Who the devil are you? What do you mean by coming here at this time of night?"

"I'm a lawyer myself, if you will force the ignoble truth from me. Now, when you are perfectly quiet, and once more the same reasonable human being you must be to have been trusted with the office you hold, we'll proceed to business. Meanwhile, please put on your coat. A man in his shirt-sleeves is always at a disadvantage; and we Virginians are sticklers for the proprieties."

The attorney general's fury abated when he saw that he had to deal with a low-voiced young man who seemed unlikely to yield to intimidation. Griswold had, in fact, seated himself on a table that was otherwise covered with law books, and he sniffed with pleasure the familiar atmosphere of dusty law calf, which no one who has had the slightest acquaintance with a law office ever forgets. To his infinite amusement Bosworth was actually putting on his coat, though it may have been a little absent-minded to give him an opportunity to decide upon a plan of getting rid of his visitor. However this may have been, Bosworth now stepped to the side of the room and snatched down the telephone receiver.

Griswold caught him by the shoulder and flung him round.

"None of that! By calling the police you will only get yourself into trouble. I'm bigger than you are and I should hate to have to throw you out of the window. Now"—and he caught and hung up the receiver, which was wildly banging the wall—"now let us be sensible and get down to business."

"Who the devil are you?" demanded Bosworth, glaring.

"I'm special counsel for Gov. Osborne in the Appleweight case. There's no use in wasting time in further identification, but if you take down that volume on Admiralty Practice just behind you, you will find my name on the title page. Or, to save you the trouble, as you seem to be interested in my appearance, I will tell you that my name is Griswold and that my address is Charlottesville, Va."

"You are undoubtedly lying. If you are smart enough to write a book you ought to know enough about legal procedure to understand that the attorney general represents the State and special counsel would not be chosen without his knowledge."

"Allow me to correct you, my learned brother. You should never misquote the opposing counsel—it's one of the rules of the game. What I said a moment ago was that I represented the governor—Gov. Osborne. I didn't say I represented the State, which is a different matter, and beset with ultra vires pitfalls. There is no earthly reason why a governor should not detach himself, so to speak, from his office and act in propria personæ, as a mere citizen. His right to private remedy is not abridged by the misfortune of office-holding. Whether he can himself be made defendant in an action at law touches that ancient question, whether the monarch or the state can be sued. That's a question law students have debated from the beginning of time, but we must not confuse it with the case at issue. The governor, as a citizen, may certainly employ such counsel as he pleases, and just now I represent him. Of course, if you want me to furnish a brief—"

Griswold's manner was deliberate and ingratiating. He saw that the attorney general had not the slightest sense of humor and that his play upon legal phrases was wasted. Bosworth grinned, but not at the legal status of monarchs and states. He had thought of a clever stroke and he dealt the blow with confidence.

"Let me assume," he said, "that you represent Mr. Osborne. May I ask the whereabouts of your client?"

"Certainly. You may ask anything you please, but it will do you no good. It's an old rule of the game never to divulge a client's secret. Gov. Osborne has his own reasons for absenting himself from his office. However, he was at home to-night."

"I rather guess not, as I had all the trains watched. You'll have to do a lot better than that, Mr. Griswold."

"He has issued a statement to the public since you lied to the Intelligencer reporter about him to-day. I suppose it's part of your official duty to misrepresent the head of the State administration in the press, but the governor is in the saddle and I advise you to be good."

The attorney general felt that he was not making headway. His disadvantage in dealing with a stranger whose identity he still questioned angered him. He did not know why Griswold had sought him out, and he was chagrined at having allowed himself to be so easily cornered.

"You seem to know a good deal," he sneered. "How did you get into this thing, anyhow?"

"My dear sir, I was chosen by the governor because of my superior attainments, don't you see? But I'm in a burry now. I came here on a particular errand. I want that requisition in the Appleweight case—quick!—if you please, Mr. Bosworth."

He jumped down form the table and took up his hat and stick.

"Mr. Griswold, or whoever you are, you are either a fool or a blackguard. There isn't any requisition for Appleweight. The governor never had the sand to issue any, if you must know the truth! If you knew anything about the governor you would know that that's why Osborne is hiding himself. He can't afford to offend the Appleweights, if you must know the disagreeable truth. Your coming here and asking me for that requisition is funny, if you had the brains to see it. Poor old Osborne is scared to death, and I doubt if he's within 100 miles of here. You don't know the governor; I do! He's a dodger, a trimmer, and a coward."

"Mr. Bosworth," began Griswold deliberately, "that requisition, duly signed and bearing the seal of the secretary of state as by the statutes in such cases made and provided, was in Gov. Osborne's desk this morning at the time you were so daintily kicking the door in your anxiety to see the governor. It has since been taken from the drawer where the governor left it when he went to New Orleans. You have gone in there like a sneak-thief, pried open the drawer, and stolen the document; and now—"

"It's an ugly charge," mocked the attorney general.

"It's all of that," and Griswold smiled. "But you forget that you represent Mr. Osborne. On the other hand, I represent Gov. Osborne, and if I want the Appleweight papers I had every right to them."

"After office hours, feloniously and with criminal intent?" laughed Griswold.

"We will assume that I have them," sneered Bosworth, "and such being the case, I will return them only to the governor."

"Then" — and Griswold's smile broadened—"if it comes to concessions, I will grant that you are within your rights in wishing to place them in the govenor's own hands. The governor of South Carolina is now, so to speak, in camera."

"The govenor is hiding. He's afraid to come to Columbia, and the whole State knows it."

"The papers, my friend; and I will satisfy you that the govanor of South Carolina is under this roof and transacting business."

"Here in the Statehouse?" demanded Bosworth, and he blanched and twisted the buttons of his coat nervously.

"The govenor of South Carolina, the supreme power of the State, charged with full responsibility, enjoying all the immunities, rights, and privileges unto him belonging."

It was clear that Bosworth took no stock whatever in Griswold's story; but Griswold's pretended employment by the govenor and his apparent knowledge of the govenor's affairs piqued his curiosity. If this was really the Griswold who had written a widely accepted work on admiralty and who was known to him by reputation as a brilliant lawyer of Virginia, the mystery was all the deeper. By taking the few steps necessary to reach the govenor's chambers he would prove the falsity of Griswold's pretensions to special knowledge of the govenor's whereabouts and plans. He stepped to an inner office, came back with a packet of papers, and thrust a revolver into his pocket with so vain a show of it that Griswold laughed aloud.

"What! Do you still back your arguments with firearms down here? It's a method that has gone out of fashion in Virginia."

"If there's a trick in this it will be the worse for you," scowled Bosworth.

"And pray, remember, on your side, that you are to give those documents into the hands of the governor. Come along."

They met the watchman in the corridor and he saluted them and passed on. Bosworth strode eagerly forward in his anxiety to prick the bubble of Griswold's pretensions.

Griswold threw open the door of the governor's reception-room, and they blinked in the stronger light that poured in from the private office. There, in the governor's chair by the broad official desk, sat Barbara Osborne reading a newspaper.

'Your excellency," said Griswold, bowing gravely and advancing, "I beg to present the attorney general!"

"Barbara!"

[TO BE CONTINUED TO-MORROW.]

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PUBLIC MORALITY ADVOCATED

Rev. Dr. Russell Urges Protection of Minors.

Protests Against Admitting Boys to Certain Theatrical Productions. Outlines Duties of Citizens.

At the meeting of the League of the Good Shepherd in St. Patrick's Church last night, Rev. Father Russell outlined the aims of the association and urged the members to exert themselves in furthering its purpose. Among other things, he exhorted all to interest themselves not only in regard to their own personal welfare, but also to aid in any movement calculated to promote public morality. He said, in part:

"A great deal of money is spent yearly in imparting useful knowledge to our children in the schools, and the government exercises a paternalism even in regard to the physical health of the children. At the same time, we cannot help but wonder why something more is not done to protect the children's moral well-being. It is shocking to see the long file of boys lined up in the street waiting for the opening of the theater, in which immorality is suggested, if not openly portrayed.

"One night of such vicious exhibition is calculated to undo much of the moral instruction of the teacher and render void the good example of home training. Laws are enacted to protect minors from intoxication. Could not laws be enacted, under the pressure of a strong public sentiment, to protect children against immorality? Instead of this evil being lessened, it has increased of late to proportions that should call for careful consideration.

"The moving picture shows, which, if rightly conducted, could be made a means of useful instruction and moral elevation to the children, are, I am informed, becoming, in certain cases, a medium of teaching which must surely prove vicious to the young mind. A move in the right direction was made when a censorship was exercised over the playbills exhibited on the street. We should all feel called upon by our own duty as citizens to protect from evil influences the generation which will succeed us in our public duties."

FROM WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW

If I could wish for a charm for life—and get my wish—I would ask for philosophy—the kind that makes one plow sturdily through adversity and smile in prosperity's face. It is given to a few as a birthright, and acquired by a smaller number through misfortune. It must be a comfort to find a bearable phase of every situation and to either ignore the worse features or accept them as part of life's education. I have noticed this—those who have found the philosopher's stone never lack for friends and opportunities.

* * * *

It is surprising what human nature can endure without turning sour. There passed away recently at an institution for the blind a woman whose whole life was a story of sacrifice and hardship, cheerfully borne for the sake of parents and sisters. There was a cruel, dissipated father who made life miserable for everybody till he died, when the burden of support passed to the shoulders of the eldest daughter. The mother was frail, all the spirit having been battered out of her by the dissipated husband. There were two sisters, both of whom inherited consumption, and a half-witted brother with a well-developed streak of cruelty like that of his father.

The mother closed her weary life and was really lamented by the family. The girls died one by one, after long, harrowing illnesses which were a terrible strain upon the sister, but one she would have been glad to bear a lifetime could their lives have been spared. The brother lived to teach her what real wretchedness could be, and as a crowning blow blindness fell upon her. But one day that woman was heard to assert that she had found a deal of pleasure in life and was glad to know that she had paid for every bit she had enjoyed.

* * * *

There was philosophy for you. She had more than one chance to escape her burdens by marriage, and refused them all. She had opportunities to make money and achieve fame, and turned her back upon them to make life happier for those who had no right to expect such sacrifices. I often think of the amazing unselfishness of that woman and her infallibly sweet nature when I hear the petty complaints of women who have no real trials. What would they do under real stress of circumstances—go down in the fight or develop the courage and endurance which feminine nature is said to possess?

BETTY BRADEEN.

When you have lost or found anything, telephone an advertisement to The Washington Herald, and bill will be sent you at 1 cent a word.

MORNING CHIT-CHAT.

Ruth Cameron.

"I'm absolutely discouraged. I don't feel as if I'd ever be happy again," said my little friend as she finished her tale of woe—or rather of innumerable woes.

I closed my eyes and thought a minute. "It is just five months and three days ago that you said that before," I reminded her, "and after things got straightened out weren't you really quite happy?"

"Ye-es, but this is so much worse," she said.

"Worse because it's now," I answered. "But you wait until next week and tell me if things won't have straightened out just as they did before."

The next week I saw her, and she was so happy that she had completely forgotten she had ever been otherwise.

And yet next time I know she'll say, "I don't feel as if I could ever be happy again."

Because she is an exceptionally stupid girl? No; because she's just like most of us.

Last time the black mood came to you—as it comes to most of us—and you thought your friends were all going back on you and you'd lost your grip on your work and your business associates were plotting against you, and all your little—or big—sins and mistakes were finding you out, didn't you say, "Things won't ever come straight again?"

And despite the fact that they did come straight—maybe straighter than they ever had been before—the next time the black mood comes aren't you going to say the same thing again?

The pleasant lesson that things always do come straight, that somehow or other one always is happy again, seems to be a surprisingly hard one for most of us to learn.

Experience continually thrusts this key to happiness into our hands, and most of us stupidly refuse to take it.

I know a girl who says she likes to get real blue, because she knows that when she gets over it she will be correspondingly happy. Isn't it so with you?

Then why not comfort yourself by remembering that the next time you're down in the depths?

Here is a suggestion that a philosopher of the they-always-do-come-out-right school makes:

The next time you have a blue fit and get over it, before you have had time to forget it write down in your notebook or on a slip of paper something like this:

"I was just as blue as I shall ever be again. Absolutely everything went wrong. I was sure I would never get over it, but I did, and now I am just as happy as I ever was."

The next time you get down in the depths, take out your notebook or your slip of paper and read this affidavid over carefully.

You may doubt my word in the matter, but you can't very well doubt your own.

RUTH CAMERON.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.

A FEW REMARKS ON COLLARS.

From Pearson's Weekly.

Civilization has brought us several curses; and one of them is collars. I don't pretend to know who it was that invented collars, but I am quite certain he was not a gentleman. I fancy he must have been a laundryman with too much spare time on his hands.

Fortunately, whoever he was, he is dead. The unfortunate thing is that death failed to collar him before he had collared the rest of humanity—with the emphasis on the man.

The rascal's idea, of course, was to increase his own business, and give his brother-in-law an excuse for inventing the collar-stud. I trust he perished before he could profit by his villany, though his brother-in-law lived to create a demand for bad language which has never been adequately supplied to this day.

If only the collar had acquired the vanishing abilities of the collar-stud in the days of its youth, we might now be living peacefully without either. As it happened, however, the collar taught itself only how to grow whiskers, so we have to look for the stud.

But though the laundryman who induced us to line our necks with linen has met with a well-merited fate in having his name forgotten, it is easy enough to see where he got his inspiration from.

There is no doubt he was a bad character in every way, and at some period or other of his existence his neighbors realized this fact, and imprisoned his head in a pillory. That a baulk of timber around his neck set him thinking, and to-day we are wearing the outcome of his thoughts. A murrain on his pensees, the pesky varlet.

But in spite of the torture inflicted by collars—especially when, through constant wearing, they are worn—there is quite a lot of character in them, as well as inside them.

From the full and flappy piece of linen which marks the Eton boy of our boarding-schools, to the artful celluloid contrivance with which some indigent members of the community defeat the original object of the inventor, there is an infinite variety of shape and style in our neck protectors.

This is a subject which could only be adequately described in a lengthy treatise on collars and their wearers, but I will mention one or two of the more outstanding examples.

Public speakers, with comparatively few exceptions, wear a strip of strached linen which connects in front only by the band, the upper ends getting little more than an occasional glimpse of one another around the windpipe. The reason for this is not far to seek. It enables our orators to wag their heads freely, as well as their tongues.

Clergymen, on the other hand, are merely the slaves of a fashion. Some misguided parson, having got out of bed one morning upon the wrong side, continued his erroneous career by putting his collar on backward, and his wife was so enchanted with the effect that she insisted upon his repeating his mistake ever afterward. The rest of his brethren, conceiving him to be a genius, lost no time in following his example.

The modern Beau Brummel, or masher, subjects his neck to the closest confinement possible without absolutely choking himself. He also wears the garment (the collar is a garment; my dictionary says so) as high as possible. Nature generously comes to his aid in this endeavor by giving him a small head, and an inconspicuous chin, so that if it were not for his hair, he might very well wear the whole of his head in his collar, coming up at intervals to breathe.

The man of genius, on the other hand, almost invariably wears a turn-down collar of juvenile shape and stunted growth. I ascribe this habit to the fact that the man of genius is always so busy with his brains that he never has time to notice that he himself has grown up.

But, whatever its shape, its size, or its condition, the collar is the sign-manual of the gentleman. Some of us may, and, indeed, often do—contrive to go about the world minus our cuffs to ward the end of the week, but none of us dare to go about without our collars.

The really mean man uses a pimple at the back of the neck as a collar-stud; but even a creature so depraved as this would not dare to seek a substitute for the collar, lest he should be mistaken for a mere man.

I remember, some time ago, I was introduced to a certain comedian by a mutual acquaintance, and, in describing him afterward to a bosom friend, I remarked that he was a very nice gentleman.

"How do you know he is a gentleman?" demanded my friend tersely.

'Because he had a collar on," I replied.

And that's just where it is. A collar—particularly if it be a fairly clean collar—enables everybody to recognize you as a gentleman at first sight.

That's really why we wear them. And most of us are so anxious to prevent any mistake that, in spite of all discomfort, we would, if necessary, go to bed in them.

As a matter of fact, I know one or two individuals who actually do at times seek their repose with the hall-mark of gentility around their necks, but at the same time I must confess that they are not usually aware of the fact till they wake up next morning. And then, all too often, they discover they are wearing their boots as well—an entirely unnecessary precaution.

The feminine equivalent for the masculine collar is, in its normal state, either a small section of a window curtain, or a Peter Pan. But of late years the foolish damsels have actually had the fortitude to endure sore chins in order to be mistaken for gentlemen.

If our statesmen would only ponder this matter in their more serious moments, they would see that beside such effrontery as this the demand for votes for women is but the veriest trifle. Our sisters need but to seize upon a few of our remaining garments to enter the House of Commons, or a barber's shop, unchallenged!

Collars are an abominable nuisance—any dog would tell you so, if it could only speak—but though we should prefer not to have to wear them ourselves, we strongly resent any attempt on the part of the other sex to wrest them from us.

They may have them (when they are dirty) in order to save the laundry bill by washing and ironing them for us, but wear the things themselves? Never! At least, not with our permission.

LATEST FASHIONS.

3052

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The semi-princess dress, buttoning down the entire front, is a highly favored style this season not only for ladies but for young girls as well. This model is made with panel front and deep plaited flounce attached to a five-gored upper section. The waist and skirt are joined under a belt of the material. The sleeves are in shirtwaist style and the neck is finished by a chemisette and broad Dutch collar. A Gibson plait over the shoulder renders the mode unusually becoming. Mohair, serge, cashmere and linen are all adaptable. The pattern is in 3 sizes—13 to 17 years. For a miss of 15 years the dress will require 7⅞ yards of material 24 inches wide, 6½ yards 27 inches wide, 4¾ yards 36 inches wide, 4½ yards 42 inches wide or 3¼ yards 54 inches wide, with ⅝ yard of all-over embroidery and 1½ yards of edging.

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FAMOUS MEN MAKE UNHAPPY MARRIAGES.

"No sun warmed my roof-tree; the marriage was a blunder; she was nine years my senior." Seldom did the last of the great Victorian novelists, George Meredith, refer to his first marriage, in 1849, with Mary Ellen Nicholls, widow of Lieut. Nicholls and daughter of Thomas Love Peacock. But on one occasion he broke his silence concerning that unhappy episode in his life with the foregoing pathetic words, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Several other men of genius contemporary with George Meredith had reason to regret the matrimonial yoke. John Ruskin, for instance, after falling in love as a boy with a beautiful French girl, whom he wooed with poems, romances, dramas, and mute worship, receiving nothing in reply but chilly indifference and lively ridicule, married, at the age of twenty-nine, a lady of great beauty, Euphemia C. Gray, of a family long intimate with the Ruskins. Ruskin was immersed in his studies and projects, while his wife was devoted to society, and six years after the marriage she left him, and ultimately became the wife of John Everett Milais.

Then there was George Frederick Watts, the famous Royal Academician, who, when he was forty years of age, married Miss Ellen Terry, who was not then out of the 'teens. As might have been anticipated, the union of two such artists, only one of whom was permitted to pursue his art, was tempting disaster, and after a short time the marriage was dissolved. Subsequently Watts married a Scotch lady with whom he lived for years in great happiness.

Tragic in the extreme was the marriage of Carlyle to Jane Welsh, whose heart had been given to Edward Irving; but the gifted orator was engaged to a Miss Martin, and was held to his vow. The absence of love, coupled with the bad temper and irritability of the famous historian, led to much unhappiness for himself and his wife, who confessed that the years were to her the "bitterness of death."

Most of us have read of the unfortunate union of Lord Byron to Miss Milbanke, the only daughter and heiress of Sir Ralph Milbanke, a wealthy baronet, and how, after the birth of a child, Lady Byron went to her father and refused to return to her husband. Then there was Shelley, who married the sister of a school fellow without being really in love. He separated from his wife, and ultimately married a second time.

In the annals of literature, however, it would be difficult to find, even in fiction, a more amazing example of enmity between husband and wife than that which existed between Lord Lytton and Rosina Wheeler, a beautiful Irish girl, whom he married in 1827, despite the protests of his mother. It was a most unhappy marriage, and even after the separation, in 1836, they referred to one another in the most embittered tones.

One day, continues Tit-Bits, when Lord Lytton called at a certain house, he found the mistress deeply engaged in a book. "What have you got there that interests you so much?" he asked. "'The Schools for Husbands,'" she answered. "You don't mean to say," he replied, "that you consider life long enough to waste it on such unmitigated trash?" "Oh, but I assure you, Sir Edward, I consider it very clever, very smart and witty. You should look at it again, and you would discover that you have quite misappreciated it." "No, thank you. I have neither read nor intend to read that wretched book; and you may rely upon it, if you have found any sense within the covers, those pages are not by the supposed author." (The author in question was Lady Bulwer.)

And Lady Lytton did not mince words when speaking of her husband.

DAINTY GLASS BASKETS.

From the Philadelphia Press.

A pretty novelty that will appeal to the summertime hostess is the little glass basket with handle which the shops are offering in every variety of glass and crystal and in many different sizes.

Pretty ones are shown in dark green glass and others in the dull amber shade. Cut glass and plain glass without coloring are also represented, while opalescent crystal and favril effects yield some specially pretty ones.

The largest size of the baskets is used for holding grape or other fruit or flowers. Four of these holding pansies or sweet peas for example arranged toward the corners of the luncheon table make a charming decoration. Or a large basket can be used for the centerpiece and from two to four smaller ones filled with flowers or dainties grouped around it.

The smallest size, measuring about three inches, is used individually at the cover of the guest for salted almonds or peanuts.

The intermediate sizes are pretty for favors. In this case they are filled with bonbons or flowers.